President McKinley's Inaugural Address.

Continued from page 2.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

It has been the uniform practice of each President to avoid, as far as possible, the convening of Congress in extraordinary session. It is an example which, under ordinary circumstances and in the absence of a public necessity, is to be commended. But a failure to convene the representatives of the people in Congress in extra session, when it involves neglect of a public duty, places the responsibility of such neglect upon the Executive himself. The condition of the public treasury, as has been indicated, demands the immediate consideration of Congress. It alone has the power to provide revenues for the government. Not to convene it under such circumstances, I can view in no other light than the neglect of a plain duty.

I do not sympathize with the sentiment that Congress in session is dangerous to our general business interests. Its members are the agents of the people, and their presence at the seat of government in the execution of the sovereign will should not operate as an injury, but a benefit. There could be no better time to put the government upon a sound financial and economic basis than now. The people have only recently voted that this should be done, and nothing is more binding upon the agents of their will than the obligation of immediate action.

It has always seemed to me that the postponement of the meeting of Congress until more than a year after it has been chosen deprived Congress too often of the inspiration of the popular will, and the country of the corresponding benefits. It is evident, therefore, that to postpone action in the presence of so great a necessity would be unwise on the part of the Executive because unjust to the interests of the people. Our actions now will be freer from mere partisan considerations than if the question of tariff revision was postponed until the regular session of Congress.

We are nearly two years from a congressional election, and politics cannot so greatly distract us as if such contest was immediately pending. We can approach the problem calmly and patriotically, without fearing its effect upon an early election. Our fellow-citizens who may disagree with us upon the character of this legislation prefer to have the question settled now, even against their preconceived views—and perhaps settled so reasonably, as I trust and believe it will, as to insure great permanence—than to have further uncertainty menacing the vast and varied business interests of the United States. Again, whatever action Congress may take will be given a fair opportunity for trial before the people are called to pass judgment upon it, and this I consider a great essential to the rightful and lasting settlement of the question.

In view of these considerations, I shall deem it my duty as president to convene Congress in extraordinary session on Monday, the 15th day of March, 1897.

NO SECTIONALISM.

In conclusion I congratulate the country upon the fraternal spirit and the manifestations of good-will everywhere so apparent. The recent election not only most fortunately demonstrated the obliteration of sectional or geographical lines, but to some extent, also, the prejudices which for years have distracted our councils and marred our true greatness as a nation. The triumph of the people, whose verdict is carried into effect today, is not the triumph of one section, nor wholly of one party, but of all sections and all people. The North and South no longer divide on the old lines, but upon principles and policies; and in this fact surely every lover of the country can find cause for true felicitation. Let us rejoice in and cultivate this spirit; it is ennobling and will be both a gain and blessing to our beloved country. It will be my constant aim to do nothing, and permit nothing to be done that will arrest or disturb this growing sentiment of unity and co-operation, this revival of esteem and affection which now animates so many thousands in both the old antagonistic sections, but I shall cheerfully do everything possible to promote and increase it. Let me again repeat the words of the oath administered by the Chief Justice, which, in their respective spheres, so far as applicable, I would have all my countrymen observe:

"I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States."

This is the obligation I have reverently taken before the Lord Most High. To keep it will be my single purpose; my constant prayer, and I shall confidently rely upon the forbearance and assistance of all the people in the discharge of my solemn responsibilities.

Alabama proposes to exempt cotton manufacturers from taxation for ten years.

There will be 1068 churches within the boundaries of the Greater New York.

HOME READING.

IN THE DRY TORTUGAS.

Fort Jefferson's History and Present Usefulness as a Station.

In these days of possible hostilities with Spain a special interest attaches to the announcement that a board of navy and army officers is to examine Fort Jefferson, on Garden Key, in the Dry Tortugas, with a view to rehabilitating it and to founding a naval station there. There are ten low-lying islands, partly covered with mangrove bushes, and the group lies about 120 miles southwest of the end of the Florida mainland.

Unlike nearly or quite all our other defensive works, Fort Jefferson was not designed to protect an important city. It is perhaps the most conspicuous example to be found of our fortifying a purely strategic position, for Key West has some intrinsic consequence as a town. In the Dry Tortugas what we have of value is one of the finest, most commodious and safest harbors of the southern coast, and it is desired both to make it available for ourselves and to prevent it from being seized as the sheltering haven and the base of an enemy.

A round half-century has elapsed since Fort Jefferson was begun, in 1846, under President Polk, with Jefferson Davis as secretary of war. It is one of the largest works in the United States, covering the greater part of Garden Key, and was originally designed, if we do not mistake, for about 420 guns, although only a part were mounted; and it cost about $5,000,000. It was seen then, as now, that an enemy's fleet, obtaining the harbor of the Dry Tortugas as a base, might control both the Florida straits and the Yucatan channel. For this reason it has shared with Key West the reputation of being the military key of the Gulf of Mexico.

During the civil war Fort Jefferson was used as a military prison, but when, in the reaction after the war, post after post on the seaboard lost its garrison, and was even suffered to fall into decay, Fort Jefferson followed this fate. It attracted attention for a time as the place of confinement for Dr. Mudd, whose life sentence was remitted after his valuable service during the yellow fever scourge of 1868, when the surgeons of the station succumbed. Then it became, as it is to-day, a quarantine station; and this use of it is, according to a report made by the inspector-general's department a few years ago, an obstacle to its reoccupation.

In that report it was urged that the harbor of the Dry Tortugas has been for years "a tempting and easy prize for the audacious," and that "owing to its isolation and accessibility, we might have lost it at any time during the interval without knowing, until too late, that it had passed out of our possession." Its real value as a naval auxiliary would have become apparent in the effort to recapture it.

It is noticeable that in the list of the 27 principal ports requiring defense, compiled by the fortifications board of 1885, the harbor of the Dry Tortugas is not included. But that is not a point against it, as even Puget sound was not found in the list. Several years ago Gen. Howard advised the reoccupation of Fort Jefferson; and the present movement is founded on the desirability of getting a more sheltered and deeper harbor than Key West for a naval coaling station in that region. The Dry Tortugas, lying about 60 miles to the west, furnish, it is believed, such a harbor, and, at all events, on this point the board will report.

Twenty years or more must have passed since the garrison of Fort Jefferson, after being reduced in 1870, was withdrawn altogether. The marine hospital service, which then took possession of it, naturally kept up only what its own accommodations needed, and the account given by the army inspecting officers a few years ago as to its military condition was discouraging:

"Rotten gun carriages, cracked bastions, rusty guns—in fact, general decay—were apparent on all sides. The brick work throughout needed, and still needs, repairing. All the bastions had cracked and settled, and there were thousands of lineal feet of cracks in other parts of the walls. Many of the casemates leaked, and the moisture had caused an excessive formation of stalactites. Nearly all the embrasures of the two tiers of casemates had been enlarged so as nearly to equal in width the span of the arches. It is said that this mutilation of the fort was done by the troops during the fever epidemic of 1868.

"The six wooden platforms for the 15-inch guns in barbette are in ruins through decay. The other barbette platforms are of old pattern, but with four-inch pintles. Whether they would withstand the shock of full-service charges cannot be definitely settled, but probably not."

If the Dry Tortugas should be turned into a naval coaling base, the hospital would doubtless be removed and a wharf built. Probably many of the buildings could be repaired and made useful, both for naval purposes and for the artillery garrison that would be stationed there. Fort Jefferson is of the old type, as are the guns now mounted there; but the condition of 25 ten-inch guns was found by the inspectors to be good, and it would be easy to supplement the old ordnance by some modern high-power guns and mortars, so as to give the station an adequate defense.—N. Y. Sun.

LANDS FOR THE HOMELESS.

Nearly Two Million Acres in Oregon to Be Thrown Open to Settlement.

"Seekers after homes will divert their thoughts from Oklahoma and the Indian territory," said Maj. Charles E. Worden, agent of the United States at Klamath, Ore., recently, "and rush to Klamath as soon as the Indians have been allotted their lands in severalty. When this is done about 1,850,000 acres of as fertile and beautiful country as any in the world will become part of the public domain and subject to homestead entry."

Since June, 1894, Maj. Worden has been in Oregon establishing farms, erecting schools and parceling out lands for the Indians to hold under the government's cooperative realty system devised for the red man.

Some months ago the curator of the national museum at Washington requested Maj. Worden to secure a collection of implements, domestic and offensive, as well as specimens of the raiment and handiwork of the Klamaths. He spared neither pains nor expense in performing the task, and he and his collection have reached the capital city, accompanied by the Klamath boundary commission. He will be in Washington for two months to give the interior department officials the benefit of his knowledge of the subject in dispute.

"If you think the Klamaths have no pride of attainment, no glory in tradition and no idea of caste," continued Maj. Worden, in exhibiting his collection to several visitors, "look at these. This is the war shirt of Moghen Casket, given by him with a bow of sinews and 12 poisoned arrows to Capt. Ivan Applegate. That huge dark mass resembling a whale's liver is the only Klamath medicine stone. To touch it is said to be instant death, and it is supposed to travel at night. I have to pay freight on it to Washington, however.

"That mortar and pestle arrangement is the Klamath device for grinding 'wocus,' their staff of life. 'Wocus' is made from the seed of pond lilies. In the Klamath marsh there are 200,000 acres covered with these beautiful flowers, which the Indians carry away in canoes.

"There is a 'wooden coyote,' regarded as 'strong medicine,' and a wooden bear which the Klamaths think is the ossified quintessence of Lalapokes' warlike spirit—also strong medicine. Lalapokes is an old man, chief sachem of the Klamath tribes.

"Those dilapidated trousers made of buckskin were presented by the daughter of Preston, who translated the treaty of 1864."

There are gloves, moccasins, arrow heads and ornaments of all descriptions in Maj. Worden's collection.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE LAST THREE TERRITORIES.

A Proposition to Make One State Out of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma.

From 1876 to 1896 six terriories of the United States were admitted to statehood—Montana, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Dakota—the last as two states, North and South Dakota. Prior to that Colorado was admitted on August 1, 1876, and Nebraska on March 1, 1867. There are now remaining only three territories in the United States, exclusive of the District of Columbia, the Indian territory and Alaska, which makes no serious pretensions to statehood. These three territories are Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma, and when all three are admitted into the union, if they ever are, the United States will extend literally from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico.

Arizona covers an area of 113,000 square miles. New Mexico covers an area of 122,000 square miles, and Oklahoma, with No Man's Land, covers an area of 39,000 square miles—in all, 275,000 square miles, or 10,000 square miles more than the entire area of the Lone Star state of Texas. The present population of Arizona is about 70,000; of New Mexico, 175,000, and of Oklahoma, about 165,000, or 250,000 in all. The population of Texas is about 2,750,000, or more than ten times greater. The objections now interposed to the admission of either Arizona or New Mexico are equally strong in both political parties.

It is a fact that New Mexico and Arizona were originally one territory and included portions of the present states of Colorado and Nevada. Subsequently portions were cut off to make up the present states of Colorado and Nevada, and in 1863 the territory of Arizona was established, cut off from the remaining and larger part of New Mexico. The proposition is now made and is being seriously defended that preparatory to their admission into the union as states Arizona and New Mexico should be reunited and that Oklahoma should be joined with them and the three made into one state, with a land area of about the same size as Texas, but with a total population now only one-tenth as great. The new state would start under conditions which would give reasonable promise of a sufficient increase in the future to fulfill public requirements. The admission of the three into the union as one state would probably forestall much of the opposition to the admission of any of them separately and would eliminate at last the territories from the union.—N. Y. Sun.

The American Parlor.

Barrie, the novelist, took a dislike to the American parlor, and in the course of some remarks in Washington he said: "The idea of having the largest and best furnished room in the house reserved for infrequent callers, instead of allowing the children of the household to enjoy it, was never a pleasant one to me. It was once told by a bright boy that he seldom was allowed to enter the parlor of his home unless it was during a 'funeral ceremony or something like that.' This may have described the situation too strongly, but it was much nearer to the truth than otherwise."—Washington Post.

NATIONAL CHRISTMAS BIRD.

Turkey Hard Pushed for First Place by the Humble Goose.

The turkey is the American national bird in respect of Christmas. He rules the roost here at Yuletide by virtue of ancient custom, and, no less in token of his own succulent excellence. But in other countries it is different.

In England, for example, the sirloin of beef is the prime dish for Christmas day, though many beside Bob Cratchitt prefer a goose. In Russia, as a bullist might say, the favorite fowl is a roast pig, dressed with boiled buckwheat and garnished with his own liver, heart and other important organs.

Frenchmen love their "poulet" on Christmas, as on other days of the year. It is served by preference with the famous Languedoc stew, which is a mess of beef, bacon, garlic, cognac, wine, etc. Their neighbors, the Belgians, yearn at Christmas time for turkey with truffles, but will compromise on a goose stuffed with chestnuts, so that the famous Walloon wafers be thrown in.

Give a German a smoked goose and plenty of cabbage and he will make his Christmas dinner. The Dutchman is fond of goose also, but likes it after the Belgian fashion, roast, and stuffed with chestnuts.

The Hungarian national goulasch makes room on the Christmas table for a roasted goose. The same estimable fowl satisfies the inner longings of the Swiss as well.

The turkey has a friend at Christmas in Austria, but the subjects of Franz Josef divide their allegiance with such other matters as carp, sausages and even geese. Denmark votes for goose, too, though with strong reservations in favor of beefsteak, roast pork and other varieties. Portugal eats turkey at Christmas, and many other things beside, so that there cannot be said to be a national weakness for the fowl. In Italy also the turkey holds a place, but not the first place.

Thus it appears that while the turkey has many adherents he is pushed hard for first place by the plain, industrious and unmusical goose.—N. Y. Herald.

Gave It Up.

"Papa, don't fishes have legs?"

"They do not," answered papa.

"Why don't they, papa?"

"Because fishes swim and don't require legs."

The small boy was silent for a few minutes and papa forgot about his questions. Then he said:

"Papa, ducks have legs, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't fishes have legs if ducks do? Or why don't ducks not have legs if fishes don't?"

Papa gave it up.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE HOURS.

Behind each hour there always lies another
More like the first than brother unto brother,
And thought can never find the first one or the last,
In endless future nor in endless past.

No ending to the line and no beginning,
Simply the clock of time forever ringing,
A solemn far bell tolling everlastingly
Above the wan waves of a level sea!

What does it mean, this ceaseless, sad procession
Of hours? No halt, no change, no retrogression,
No haste, no swerving, no delaying, no retreat,
Each like the last as pendulum beat to beat.

The earth and moon grow ever old and older,
And human hearts grow warmer or grow colder,
While stealthy death creeps up all ties to sever,
The hours move in unbroken file forever.

For they alone are free from all mutation,
Exempt alike from death and from creation;
They pass, and pass, and pass, and passing testify
To infinite and imminent eternity.

—Charles F. Johnson, in Outlook.

CAP'N DICKEY'S CAPTIVES.

How His Crew of Cripples Recovered in a Night.

One Day Late the Schooner Hester Sailed Into Bristol Harbor with Rum, Molasses, Sundries and "Cinq Hommes."

The only words that Capt. John Dickey, of the Bristol schooner Hester, had understood were "cinq hommes."

"Five on 'em," he muttered. "That's odds for the frog-eaters."

And in the depths of his gloom he fell to cutting off a pipeful of tobacco.

Truly, Capt. John couldn't be very sanguine. He had sailed from Boston several days before, bound for Bristol town, or ancient Pemaquid, with a general cargo for the storekeepers of the settlement, and alas! a French privateersman had overhauled him away off the mouth of the Kennebec. The Hester had fled, but her flight was about as nimble as the scuttling away of an old hen floundering through a barnyard to escape a tormenting dog. The Hester was all right for conveying rum, molasses, and other necessaries—broad of beam and tight of seam. But she couldn't run away. Her blunt nose bumped against the waves, her heavy sides smashed clumsily down upon the brimming swell. The tough old bird spread all sail and bowled along, like a Brahma scudding before the wind with tail spread, but up came the privateersman, his frisky nose dipping, his clean sides flashing back the glint of the wave, and the spume whizzing through the lee braces.

"Schoonaire, ahoi!" shouted a little man from over the taffrail, his knurly, red nose gleaming from under his cap. The pursuer had edged up on the Hester's quarter, and Capt. Dickey and his men were surlily eying the small craft.

"What do you want?" roared back the captain, hoarsely, just as though he didn't know all too well.

The man with the knurly red nose screamed back:

"Heaf' to; stand by for bot'!"

Capt. Dickey didn't haul around at once, however. He turned to Mate Constant Judkins.

"S'pose we've got to, Jud?" he remarked, gloomily. "Course you know what it means. We're gobbled."

"Yes, and it's jest as well to be gobbled whole as piecemeal," remarked Mate Judkins, carefully throwing his quid to lee.

This was wisdom. So in a moment or so the Hester came slapping and clanging and foaming around into the wind. Not a moment too soon, for the privateersman's long Tom had taken a rather determined squint at the mainmast of the schooner.

Then Capt. Dickey, listening attentively and with saturnine face, heard a gobble of French, in which he distinguished "cinq hommes," and that alone, for he wasn't a linguist.

"Sank 'om," he growled; "wal, come along and sank 'om more if you want to."

Constant Judkins listened to the soliloquy with puzzled face.

"If I may be so questionfierous, cap'n," he asked, "who's this 'ere Sank Orm who is coming aboard?"

The captain didn't smile. "I heard 'em say in We-we lingo," he explained, "that they're going to put five prize men aboard us, and the Lord only knows where they'll take us!"

The crew of the Hester were four—the skipper, the mate—Ozarias Hodson, A. B., able-bodied seaman, and Berual Joquith, cook and before the mast.

Now, as the captain strode forward front of the house to see about throwing over the stern ladder, he saw Ozarias Hodson sitting on a rope coil in the waist, with head tied up.

"What ails you?" snapped the skipper.

"Toot'ache, sir, and dum'd bad, too!"

Ozarias evidently was more distracted by toothache than by a privateersman. Berual Joquith, who had had the lively suspicion that the privateersman would pop a few shots at them by way of exercise and practice, dodged out of sight into his sanctuary.

Just as Capt. Dickey threw over the stern ladder a thought struck him.

"By ginger!" said he, and he jumped as though he had suddenly taken in a mouthful of that condiment.

He threw a hasty look over the side. The privateersman was just getting its long boat in the water with the "sank'oms" and their sea chests.

"Jud," he called back to the mate, "make fast the wheel and dodge down here into the waist under the lee of the bulwark."

Judkins looked surprised, but he did so.

"Come along below," commanded the skipper, and both men followed him Down in his bunk they found the cook.

"Boys," said the captain, "there ain't time to go into long explanations, but I want you to know right now that you're all in awful bad shape, and I'm the only man about ship who can keep on his pegs."

The amazement on the faces of the three gradually grew into shrewd intelligence as they stared into the twinkling eyes of the "old man."

"Tell us what the trouble is with us," requested Berual, "and we'll be the sickest fellows you ever seed in about two flips of the flyin' jib."

"Wall," said the captain, "I ain't as good a liar as I wish I was, but I guess it'll be likely enough if a truck fell and smashed your jaw, Ozarias, fractured your collar-bone and broke Berual's leg, eh?" And the skipper extended a grin from his wrinkles.

"Hain't that putting consid'able responsibility on one truck, cap'n?"

"Ther ain't no telling what a truck will do on a rampage," cheerfully replied the captain.

Forthwith he bundled the toothachy Ozarias into his bunk and made him wrap more elaborate bandages about his head and shoulders.

Then he obliged Berual to remove his trousers, and hastily but neatly he strapped a bit of board upon the cook's leg, bandaging it with strips from his dishcloths.

"I'd kind of like to know the nature of my complaint," broke in Constant Judkins, "so that I can be practicin'."

The captain pondered. "I suppose I might have your arm broken," he said, dubiously. "But one block couldn't very well knock out the whole crew. We've got to have a little variety, for them frog-eaters are suspicious cusses. Ever have yaller janders?" he asked of Judkins.

"No."

"Well, all you've got to do is to lay still and haul your mouth down. I'll daub on a little slush," and the captain skillfully rubbed some of the yellow oil over the mate's face.

"Now look sick, all of you," said the captain as he prepared to go on deck and receive the prize crew. "It'll help you to look sicker if you recollect that the frog eaters have a way of slitting wizens when they suspicion shenanigan."

And he left.

Of the Frenchmen who came over the rail none could talk English, and the captain couldn't talk French. Yes, he could—he could say "Bong shur," but he loftily forebore.

However, when the new arrivals looked around suspiciously for the crew, and unslung their carbines and appeared to apprehend ambush, the captain, with many waves of his hands and much "we-ing," led two of the five below with an air like a rooster gallantly conducting pullets to a worm banquet. In pantomime he explained the sad plight he was in, and his crew groaned dolefully at the proper times. He tried to explain to the Frenchmen how glad he was they had come and taken the Hester at this time of danger. The men didn't seem to grasp that part of the story, however. But the captain didn't care. The prize men were evidently thoroughly convinced that below decks was just the hospital it claimed to be, and after much ineffectual jargon and much gesturing they made the captain understand that he was to stay down and nurse his men. The captain was a good nurse. He must have worked the faith cure on his devoted crew, for in the deep gloom of the dog watch three very determined-looking convalescents sneaked barefooted at his heels as he wormed aft in the shadow of the Hester's bulwark.

The night was made for the enterprise. 'Twas clouded, and from the murk of the west a humming breeze sung in the shrouds and murmured down out of the hollows of the sails. One Frenchman was at the wheel and one pendulumed back and forward at the head of the companionway. Another was doubled up on a coil of rope in the lee of the house and the other two were presumably below. All the men on deck were unarmed, for it wasn't to be supposed that they would lug about an arsenal to protect themselves against a nautical invalids' home. So Capt. Dickey's miraculously healed bodyguard had little trouble in downing and tying all three before their surprise was over.

The only casualty was when a squirming Frenchman trod upon Bernal's bare foot. In his anguish the cook let out a howl that started the two men below on a rush for the deck. They bobbed out of the companion-hatch like two jacks-in-the-box, saw the situation and as quickly jerked themselves back.

They stayed barricaded in the cabin till the schooner came up into Bristol harbor, 24 hours later, with a bone in her mouth and the foam bells tinkling off her rudder. Capt. Dickey would, in the kindness of his heart, have fed the garrison in his cabin on plum duff and salt horse; but every time he tried to explain his wishes through the cabin window they poked their gunbarrels at him. The poor chaps evidently thought their companions had been made way with, and that the bluff-faced old skipper was cajoling them to a similar fate.

"What's your cargo, John, this trip?" roared Job Brismon, from the wharf as he waited to catch the line and fling it over a spiling.

"Rum, molasses, sundries, and Frenchmen," shouted back the captain; "and if you'll bear a hand with a plank we'll unload the Frenchmen fust."

And all Bristol flocked down to fling a sarcastic "polly voo" at Capt. John Dickey's unhappy captives.—Lewiston Journal.

Keeping Broth.

All soups can be preserved in a good condition for some days by taking great care, when freshly made, to skim well, and to remove every particle of fat from the surface. The broth should be kept in a very cool larder and uncovered; in very hot weather it should be strained every day, and poured into a perfectly clean vessel.—Albany Journal.

A HOPELESS CASE.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

"It will pinch me sore, Lydia," said Mr. Waddilove, sadly. "Things are in a bad way with me just now, and it will be a great expense."

"We must make sacrifices sometimes for the sake of our children, James," replied his wife, severely. "I wonder you could hesitate for a moment."

"Do you? Well, don't, and I can't see the necessity for such a move. Why shouldn't the girls be happy at home? Why should they require a season in London? What good will it do them?"

"Had I not spent those two months in town with Aunt Susan long ago, James, I'd never have met you."

"Humph," he grunted, "how do you know? You were my fate. I'd have met you somehow."

Mrs. Waddilove shrugged her shoulders and smiled; then, folding her arms upon her lap, sighed heavily.

"I'm not a believer in fate. I pin my faith on opportunity."

"Well, who knows, an opportunity may arise."

"Here? In this quiet country place, where no man comes from year end to year end? Impossible. Miriam and Selina are 23 and 22. They are pretty, fair, attractive girls, but their youth is passing, and if they go on as they are doing, they must live and die unknown and unsought. We shall have three old maids to provide for—"

"Poor little Madge, too. Well, you do look far ahead. The child is barely 18."

"O," with a quick decision, "she is a hopeless case. A plain girl like Madge is as well in the country as in town. Fate or opportunity would do little for her. But the others are different."

"Very," he said, grimly. "So you would not take Madge to London?"

"Of course not. She will keep house and look after you."

"Yet she would enjoy the theaters and the various sights. At 18—"

"It would be a waste of money to take Madge, and she is quite happy at home."

He smiled, and the expression of his face changed; his eyes grew soft and tender.

"Thank God, yes. And Madge and I will be very happy together."

"She was always your favorite; so it's a good thing you are not likely to lose her."

"Yes," thoughtfully, "and yet, if any one came to know her and her sweet, bright nature, he—"

"Don't be afraid. Sweet natures don't count for much nowadays. Beauty or money is a necessity. As Madge has neither—"

"Poor little girl. Then the love of her old father must suffice. When do you think of going?"

"At once," Mrs. Waddilove cried, rejoiced to find him give in so easily. "Lady Grantley has a ball on Thursday, Mrs. Townley one on the following Monday, and more are sure to turn up. As soon as Miriam and Salina are seen invitations will pour in. They will both be engaged before the end of the season, of that I am certain."

II.

The Manor house was flooded with sunshine. Every window was wide open, and every room full of the scent of roses, the perfume of new mown hay.

Mrs. Waddilove and her two handsome daughters, Miriam and Selina, had been gone some six weeks, and as yet showed no signs of returning. Madge and her father had grown accustomed to their absence, and felt no very strong desire to see them come back. They were the best of friends, these two, and perfectly happy in each other's society.

In the presence of her mother and her good-looking sisters, Madge had been shy, quiet and reserved. But alone with her dear old father, whom she adored, the gayety of her heart asserted itself, her whole nature expanded, and she became what she had never been before—a merry, laughing, bewitching little maiden.

"With such a pair of dancing dark eyes, and such a bright, happy face, who could call my Madge plain?" thought her father one day as he watched her flit backwards and forwards among the roses. "But I'm glad she did not go to London. Somehow, the world might rub off the bloom—bring sorrow to her loving little heart—and I want her to be happy always."

Across the lawn came one of the gardeners in hot haste.

"If you please, sir," he said, pausing in front of his master, "there's been an accident, just at the gate—a gentleman thrown from his bicycle by a—"

"Dear me, dear me, is he hurt?" cried the old man, starting up.

"I'm afraid, sir, he's sprained his ankle. He seemed in pain."

"He must come in, Madge," he called. "Madge, get the vinegar, bandages; there has been an accident. I'm going to bring the man in. Get everything ready."

"Yes," answered Madge, and laying aside her roses, she ran into the house.

III.

Three weeks later Madge strolled beneath the lime trees, a tall, fair man by her side.

"You are walking better to-day," she said. "I think your ankle is almost well."

He sighed and dug his stick into the sward.

"I fear so."

Madge laughed merrily. "How ungrateful! And surely a sprained ankle is not a pleasant thing?"

"It has been a piece of real good fortune to me," he replied, earnestly, "for through it I made the best friends I ever had—you and your father."

"I'm glad you think so, and I assure you," looking up with a bright, sweet glance, "father and I feel it was a lucky accident for us, Gilbert. We have had a pleasant time since you came to us."

"And I? O, Madge, if you could only realize what it has been for me! Since my father and mother died, when I was nine, 18 years ago, I have known little but loneliness; and I came down to the Warren for the first time since I came of age, never guessing the delightful neighbors I should find there. That evening I went out on my bicycle to while away an hour, when luck, in the shape of a clumsy van, bowled me over in front of your gate. But now the happy time is at an end, and I feel that I must go home."

"Yes," Madge sighed, "I suppose you must. And, you see, perhaps it is just as well. Mother and the girls are coming back, and then things will be different."

"But you will be the same?"

"I?" blushing and dimpling. "Not quite; everyone, even the dear old dad, changes when they are about. You see, our positions are not what they are when far away. We are no longer master and mistress. We go nowhere, see no one, speak when we're spoken to—"

"O, Madge!" He reddened and looked at her in dismay. "That's rather much. But I'll tell you what—you and your father must come and pay me a long visit. My home is charming. I've got servants and horses, and—and everything to make you happy, and we'll have all our nice time over again."

"It—it sounds delightful. But," her lips trembled, "mother would not allow me to go. You see, I am not out. I am the youngest. Miriam would go. She's the eldest, and very handsome, with a tall, slight figure, fair hair, blue—" Her eyes filled with tears. "O, you—you will surely like Miriam, and—and forget your poor Madge."

"You know I won't," he cried, vehemently. "And I don't want Miriam, and I don't care whether she's handsome or not. I want you. And, what's more, I'll insist upon your coming."

Madge gazed at him in open-eyed astonishment.

"You don't know mother, Gilbert," she said, solemnly. "Not one of us dare turn the word with her, and if she told me—"

"But if it—if it—if the Warren was to be one day your home," he stammered, catching her hand and drawing her towards him. "If—O, Madge; we have known each other three whole weeks. We have spent hours of the day together, we have talk over everything. You know me, all about me, bad and good, and I know you"—his voice shook with emotion—"and I love you."

"O, Gilbert," she gasped. "Gilbert."

"My darling, I have startled, alarmed you. But if you could love me—be my wife?"

"Poor, plain little me?" She raised her eyes, then turned them quickly away, her face crimson, her whole frame trembling, her heart full of a new-sweet joy.

"To me, as you stand thus and always, you are beautiful, for I love you above everything on earth. Madge, answer me."

"Yes," she whispered low; "yes"—then laid her face upon his breast.

The following afternoon, some three or four hours earlier than they were expected, Mrs. Waddilove, Miriam and Selina arrived at the Manor house.

As he stood watching his men stacking the hay, Mr. Waddilove was informed that his wife and daughters had come home, and, without an instant's delay, he hurried to greet them. The three ladies were tired after their journey, and answered his various inquiries with but scant courtesy. Then, as Madge did not appear to welcome her, her mother became extremely irate.

"My dear, she has gone for a walk," her husband said, soothingly. "She—she will not be long."

"A walk alone at this late hour? You are a strange person to have charge of a young girl, James. I suppose Madge has done exactly as she pleased while I was away? But that will soon be changed. Out for a walk alone—"

"She is not alone, dear," he began, knowing full well she was with Gilbert, and wondering how he should break the news of her engagement to her mother. "She's with—a friend."

"Well, this sort of thing must be put a stop to."

"Yes, yes, of course. But have you any news for me, Lydia?"

She glared at him. "None," she answered sharply.

"Then your time has been wasted. The opportunities were of no avail? Miriam and Selina have made no conquest."

"You are rude, Mr. Wadd—. And I am glad the poor girls have gone upstairs."

"I don't mean to be rude, dear. I am content to keep my daughters at home. I was only following up the conversation that led to your going to London. I believed in a sweet, bright nature, and fate. You put faith in what you called beauty—and opportunities. Without boasting or in any way annoying you, I wish to say, without taking any credit to myself, that my idea was the right one; that here, in our home, Madge and I have been more successful."

Mrs. Waddilove flounced over to the window.

"Pray explain—"

She stopped abruptly and put up her pince-nez, as a slim little girl in pink cotton walked across the lawn in close conversation with a fair, blue-eyed man.

"Madge?" she cried. "And who, pray, is her companion?"

"That," he said, hurrying to her side, "is Gilbert Hastings, the wealthy young owner of the Warren, and our Madge's affianced husband."

"Good heavens." She sank into a chair with a cry. "But—but be generous, James. Do not triumph over me too much."

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Nothing, my dear, is farther from my thoughts, and I am very glad that you have come home to rejoice with me at our child's great happiness."—London Sketch.

WAS THERE TO GLOAT.

An Oversight by the Gas Company That Gladdened His Heart.

There was a look of joy about his face as he went into the gas office that made the man behind the counter glad in his soul. It was so different from the expressions which visitors ordinarily wore. He walked to one window and then to another and stood around and smiled.

"Can we do anything for you?" the clerk inquired.

"Nope. Go right ahead with your business. Don't mind me."

"If you come to get warm," the clerk suggested, "the heater is over on that side of the room."

"I didn't come to get warm. There's a genial glow through me that makes external heat entirely unnecessary. I had a few spare minutes, and I came here to gloat."

"Over whom?" was the surprised query.

"Over the company."

"I—I must say I don't quite understand you."

"I suppose I'd better explain it. It's too good to keep. But I get so much enjoyment out of it that you'll have to excuse me if I tell it slow, so as to make it last longer. You people are very particular about your meters."

"Of course. We have to be."

"You've got it down so you can measure the extra pressure that occurs all through the city if one of the workmen happens to cough in your gas factory."

"Well, we haven't got it quite so close as that. But we've done our best to protect our interests."

"Well, I had occasion to have a sanitary plumber in my house yesterday. He's the man who made the discovery. He informed me that there was a whole lot of sewer gas in my house that you never discovered. You didn't have any arrangement for measuring it in the meter, and it got clear past you. I'm not naturally vindictive, but I couldn't resist the temptation to come around and tell you about it and make you feel bad."—Washington Star.

Chocolate Caramels.

One can of condensed milk, half a pint of sweet cream; mix and reserve one-fourth pint of the mixture. To the rest add one and a half pounds of sugar, three-fourths pounds of glucose, and cook over a slow fire until half done, then set off the stove. Break up two and a half ounces of the chocolate used for frosting and put it into a basin with a little water; put on the fire and when hot add the reserved cream, a little at a time, until the chocolate is dissolved; strain into the candy which has been cooling, and set on the fire again and cook to "soft crack."—